

A lamentable Ballad of a Combat lately performed neere London,
betwixt Sir James Steward, and Sir George Wharton Knights, who were
both slaine at that time. To the Tune of, Downe Plumpton Parke.



I Griefes me soz to tell the tye,
neere London late that did befall,
On Martlemas Eve, oh woe is me,
I grieve the chance and ver shall:
Of two right gallant Gentlemen,
who very rashly fell at words,
But so their quarrell could not fall,
till they fell both by their kene swords.

The one was Sir George Wharton call'd,
the good Lord Whartons sonne and heire,
The other Sir James the Scottish knight,
a man that valiant heart did beare:
Here to the Court these Gallants stout,
fell out as they in gaming were,
And in their fury grew so hot,
they hardly could from blowes forbear.

Pay, kind intreaties could not stay
Sir James from striking in that place,
For in the height and heat of blood,
he stroke young Wharton o're the face.
What dost thou meane, said Wharton then,
to strike in such unmanly sort:
That I will take it at thy hand
the tongue of man shall nere report.

Why doe thy words then, said Sir James,
and marke me Wharton what I say,
There's nere a Lord in England breathes,
shall make me give an inch of way:
This brag's too large stout Wharton said,
let our brave English Lords alone,
And talke to me who am your foe,
soz thou shalt find enough of one.

Alas Sir, said the Scottish knight,
thy blood and mind's too base for me,

Thy opposition be too bold,
and will thy dire destruction be:
Pay, said young Wharton, you mistake,
my courage and valour equals thine,
To mak't apparant cast thy Glove
to gage, to try as I doe mine.

I, said Sir James, hast thou such spirit,
I did not thinke within thy breast,
That such a haughty daring heart,
as thou mak'st the world, ere could rest:
I interchange my Glove with thee,
take it, and point thy bed of death,
The field I meane where we must fight,
and one of both lose life and breath.

Woe'l meet nere Walcham, said Sir George;
to morrow that shall be the day;
Woe'l either take a single man,
and try who beares the bell a way:
This done, together hands they shoke,
and without any envious signe,
They went to Ludgate, where they staid,
and drunke each man a pint of wine.

No kind of anger could be seene,
no words of malice might be voyd,
But all as faire, as calme, as cole,
as love within their bosome lay:
Till parting time, and then indeed,
they shew'd some rancour of their heart,
George, said Sir James, when next we meet,
so sound I know we shall not part.

And so they parted both resolv'd,
to have their valours thoroughly try'd;
The second part shall be fully shew'd,
both how they met, and how they dy'd.

A lamentable Ballad of a Combat lately performed neere London,
betwixt Sir James Steward, and Sir George Wharton Knights, who were
both slaine at that time. To the Tune of, Downe Plumpton Parke.



I grieve me soz to tell the tye,
neere London late that did befall,
On Martlemas Eve, oh woe is me,
I grieve the chance and ver shall:
Of two right gallant Gentlemen,
who very rashly fell at words,
But so their quarrell could not fall,
till they fell both by their kene swords.

The one was Sir George Wharton call'd,
the good Lord Whartons sonne and heire,
The other Sir James the Scottish knight,
a man that valiant heart did beare:
Here to the Court these Gallants stout,
fell out as they in gaming were,
And in their fury grew so hot,
they hardly could from blowes forbear.

Pay, kind intreaties could not stay
Sir James from striking in that place,
For in the height and heat of blood,
he stroke young Wharton oze the face.
What dost thou meane, said Wharton then,
to strike in such unmanly sort:
That I will take it at thy hand
the tongue of man shall nere report.

Why doe thy word then, said Sir James,
and marke me Wharton what I say,
There's nere a Lord in England breathes,
shall make me give an inch of way:
This brag's too large stout Wharton said,
let our brave English Lords alone,
And talke to me who am your foe,
soz thou shalt find enough of one.

Alas Sir, said the Scottish knight,
thy blood and mind's too base for me,

Thy opposition be too bold,
and will thy dire destruction be:
Pay, said young Wharton, you mistake,
my courage and valour equals thine,
To mak't apparant cast thy Glove
to gage, to try as I doe mine.

I, said Sir James, hast thou such spirit,
I did not thinke within thy breast,
That such a haughty daring heart,
as thou mak'st the wof, ere could rest:
I interchange my Glove with thee,
take it, and point thy bed of death,
The field I meane where we must fight,
and one of both lose life and breath.

Woe'l meet nere Walcham, said Sir George;
to morrow that shall be the day;
Woe'l either take a single man,
and try who beares the bell away:
This done, together hands they shoke,
and without any envious signe,
They went to Ludgate, where they staid,
and drunke each man a pint of wine.

No kind of anger could be seene,
no words of malice might be voyd,
But all as faire, as calme, as cole,
as love within their bosome lay:
Till parting time, and then indeed,
they shew'd some rancour of their heart,
George, said Sir James, when next we meet,
so sound I know we shall not part.

And so they parted both resold's,
to have their valours thoroughly try'd;
The second part shall be telly shew,
both how they met, and how they dy'd.



Yong Wharton was the first that came,
to the pointed place on the next day,
Who presently spied Sir James coming
as fast as he could post away:
And being met in manly sort,
the Scottish Knight did to Wharton say,
I doe mistake thy Doublet George,
it fits so cleare on thee this day.

Hast thou no priue Armour on?
nor yet no priue coat of scale?
I nere saw Lord in all my life,
become a Doublet halfe so wale;
Now nay, now nay, thou Wharton said,
Sir James Stewart that may not be,
He not an armed man come hither,
and thou a naked man truely.

Our men shall rip our Doublets George,
so shall we know whether of us doe lye,
And then weelee to our weapons sharpe,
our selues true Gallants so to try:
Then they slit off their Doublets faire,
standing up in their shirts of Laine,
Follow my counsell the Scottish Knight said,
and Wharton to thee Ile make it knowne.

Now follow my counsell, Ile follow thine,
and weelee fight in our shirts said he,
Now nay, now nay, young Wharton said,
Sir James Stewart that may not be,
Unlesse we were drunkards and quarrellers,
that had no care ober our sell,
Not caring what we goe about,
or whether our soules go to heauen or hell.

Weelee first to God bequeath our soules,
then next our Corps to dust and clay:
With that thou Wharton was the first
tooke Rapier and Pontard there that day:
Seven thrusts in turnes these Gallants had,
before one drop of blood was drawn.

The Scottish Knight then spake valiantly,
thou Wharton still thou holdst thine owne.

With the next thrust that Wharton thrust,
he ran him through the shoulder bone:
The next was through the thicke of the thigh,
thinking he had the Scottish Knight slaine.
Then VWharton said to the Scottish Knight,
are you a liuing man tell me,
If there be a Surgeon in England can,
he shall cure your wounds right speedily.

Now nay, now nay, the Scottish Knight said,
Sir George VWharton that may not be,
The one of us shall kill each other,
ere off this ground that we doe see:
Then in amaze Sir George looke backe,
to see what company was nigh:
They both had dangerous markes of death,
yet neither would from the other fly.

But both through body wounded sore
with courage lusty strong and sound,
They made a desperate deadly close,
they both fell dead into the ground:
Our English Knight was first that fell,
the Scottish Knight fell immediately:
Who cryed both to Iesus Christ,
receiue our soules, O Lord, we dye.

God blesse our noble King and Queene,
and all their Noble Progenie,
That Brittain all may liue in one,
in love and perfect unitie.
Thus to conclude, I make an end,
wishing that quarrels still may cease,
And that we still may liue in love,
in prosperous state in ioy and peace.

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. C. dwelling in the
Old-Baily.